

HOW OLD IS CHARLIE?



IF ANN IS AS OLD AS SHE IS, THIS WILL TELL YOU THE AGE OF EVERYBODY ELSE

A jaunty looking, middle aged man wearing a neat business suit with a red tie was walking up Ohio Levee yesterday morning, and as he passed across the new vitrified pavement extending into Sixth street he encountered a bald headed, worried looking individual who was standing in the middle of the street, hat off and with a lead pencil between his teeth mopping his brow with a handkerchief and mumbling incoherent words as he repeated a certain formula half audibly to himself.

The man walking up the levee is a prominent lumberman and he recently returned from a trip into the wilds. The man with the far away look in his eyes and he were friends and the lumberman stopped to shake hands and slapping his absent minded companion on the back he said, "Hello, Charlie, how old is Ann?" The gentleman who was occupied in thought suddenly came out of his trance and grasping his friend's hand he said: "That's just what has been troubling me, if Mary—" "Cut it out said the lumberman, if you wouldn't worry so much about the age of Mary and Ann and Lily, Maud and Kate you wouldn't forget your wife's birthday every year until two weeks after the anniversary. If you want a good riddle on age I'll give you one for yourself." "All right," said Charlie, as they moved back to the curb, "fire away. I feel the need of a little change in thought for if Ann was—" "The man with the red tie interrupted him by saying, "do you know the number of the month in which you were born?" "Yes," said the other "it was—" "Never mind," said his questioner, "put it down. All right, double it and add five. Now multiply by fifty and add your own age to the result." The man with a penchant for conundrums thought awhile and counted on his fingers, then he did so and looked triumphant. "You're foolish," he said,

"that would make me fourteen hundred and—" "Wait a minute said his friend, "you're not done yet. Subtract the number of days in the ordinary year. Then deduct one hundred and fifteen. What have you?"

The man with the pencil made a few rapid calculations and announced, "Twelve hundred and fifty, but I'm not near—" "Exactly," said the other man, you are an even fifty years old this month.

"How did you do it?" said the mathematician, proving his figures, "you must have asked my wife." "Not at all," said his friend: "you doubled the number of the month in which you were born, or December, the twelfth month; that gave you twenty-four, to which you added five. All right, that makes twenty-nine; times fifty is 1450. Then you added your age or fifty which brought the total to 1500 and deducting the number of days in the year left you 1125. You added one hundred and fifteen and that made 1250 which proved to me that you were born in this, the twelfth month, December, and that you are fifty years old. Here are the figures:

2x12=24

5

29

50

1450

50

1500

365

1135

115

1250

"The last two numerals show your age—fifty; the others the number of the month in which you were born.

"It's a sure thing every time. See if isn't."

And it is. Try it yourself.

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEMS

Secretary Humberd of Y. M. C. A. Writes on this Subject.

PROBLEM OF RELIGION

ONE OF THE MOST PERPLEXING WHICH YOUNG MEN ENCOUNTER IN THIS DAY AND AGE.

This problem seems more perplexing than any other, because of the many ways in which men try to solve it. But principles of life are unifying while methods of application always tend to diversity, and so we shall consider a few of the fundamental principles that must be conceded by all.

A man holds three distinct relations in life, one to himself, one to his fellow men, and one to God; and there is a native disposition of the soul to attempt the mastery of these relations, rationally and fully. All of our educational systems have their existence in the ground of man solving his relations to his own highest mental manhood. A man's education is first to himself for the sake of himself, that he may be, within the limits of his own mental powers, master of himself in all the relations which he may be called upon to assume in life.

His relations to others take the form of society or politics as they tend to be of local or national importance. And his highest relation—that to his Creator—assumes the forms of religious convictions and practices, and determines not only the plane of his life, but the formative impulse of every other relation. And the natural man is one who is balanced in the highest possible degree in all of these primary relations of mental, social and religious powers peculiar to his own individuality. And this fixes the highest standard of life within one's self, and notwithstanding, and herein many fatal mistakes occur. Many men live by comparison—they seem to be satisfied with their own lives if they are living simply as well as some one else. No man is good enough if he is simply as good as some body else. He is not good enough if he is simply as good as some body else. He is not good enough until he is as good as it is possible for him to be in the direct line of his highest ideals. And while these are unattainable as such in this world, yet it is the law of all progress to develop in the line of clearest vision toward them, and make them

our possession as fully as possible. And neither can man furnish his own perfect ideal, else he were on the plane of the pagan, who makes his gods with his own hands and then bows down and worships them. But our Perfect Man is furnished by God himself, and we are commanded to enthrone him in our minds and hearts and to grow in his likeness where we shall experience fullness of joy and peace and liberty. And this estate is not to any favored people, but all classes and conditions can know its purity and its power from personal experience. And there is nothing more beautiful than to see the common, every day men who have time for the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ in connection with their every day duties. Physicians who heal the soul on one hand as they heal the body with the other; lawyers who plead the cause of their clients before the throne of God as well as in the courts of men; merchants who give forth the Bread of Life as they distribute the provisions of daily necessities; farmers who, while they plow and sow and reap the natural harvest, also prepare the soil of the heart, and sow the seed of the kingdom and gather in the harvest for the Eternal harvest.

And it is as possible for the lowliest laborer in the ditch with his spade and his pick to be a man after his God's own heart as the king on his throne. As he shovels the dirt to the banks he can sing "I'm a child of the King," and know the power of salvation fully and freely. The ideal manly life and the ideal Christian life are the same, and it bears the same fruitage in every human life—righteousness unto God, peace with all men and joy as its own reward.

And why should not men be Christians? The husband brings strength into the home just as the wife brings tenderness and love, and no man can say his home is Christian as long as the strength of that home is not Christian. I have asked 60 young men what person or persons have influenced them most to be good true Christians. 19 have placed "mother" first; 13 have said "parents," others have mentioned pastors, Sunday school teachers etc. Only two of sixty have said "my father was the greatest factor for God in my life." Shall we say all honor to those two fathers, who stand as the ideals of their boys, or Eternal shame upon the forty-five who have failed to impress their sons with the nobility of Christian living. I may never be able to leave my boy a fortune, or even a finished education, but I do desire to leave him the blessed heritage that on all questions of living, father ever stood on the right side. Heaven pity the young man who has to go out into life making excuses for the moral and spiritual imbecility of his father—he has lost more than he can realize. And why should not a man do his full duty to his family? I have seen a team of horses in which one would forge

ahead and draw more than its share while the other one would lay back on the traces and prove as much a hindrance as a helper, and I have thought, how much like many homes in which the wife and mother bears all the burden of religious responsibility while the husband draws back and lifts not so much as his hand to help. I would not blame the man for getting rid of the talky horse, and I have been made to wonder why some wives keep such balking husbands. It is only right that a man should pull up his end of the distaff. And this is the most important question that comes up for solution because it fixes man's relation not to himself or to others, but to God—to whom every man belongs by the twofold right of creation and of purchase, and before whom all must appear to give a full true account of the time allotted for this life. And it will make small difference in that day whether we have been presidents or day laborers, rich or poor, old or young, married or single, but it will make all the difference in the world if we have been Christian men or not. That is the only hinge upon which the great door of eternity will swing out and in to our souls. And it is not a difficult problem—every man desires the best for himself and for others, and there is only one absolute best in life. The trouble is that men are likely to be satisfied with the good things that are only the expression of this one highest Good. Instead of looking beyond these present blessings to the Giver of them all. And this is man's greatest ingratitude. We acknowledge gifts and helps from our fellow men with heartfelt thanks, but for the gift of



CAIRO'S OWN BREWERY AS IT IS NOW. THE ABOVE SHOWS CAIRO'S NEW BREWERY PARTIALLY COMPLETED. THE BUILDING IS BEING ERRECTED AT A COST OF \$100,000 AND WILL BE ONE OF CAIRO'S LEADING AND FOREMOST ENTERPRISES.

Some Thin Slices.

Employer—Mr. Reink, you got on yesterday afternoon under the plea of being ill. I saw you afterward going to the races, and you didn't appear at all ill.

Clark—You ought to have seen me after the second race, sir. I was bad enough then.—San Francisco Wasp.

In Denmark and Norway.

In Denmark and in Norway, the poets of short-hand writers at the respective parliaments of those countries are chiefly occupied by women. It having been found that they, as a rule, succeeded far better than men in this kind of reporting.

Accomplished Bomber.

A traveler in central Africa tells of a native hunter of the Wandervo tribe who was the possessor of a most accomplished duck, which, with an antelope's horns strapped to its head, its body covered with a skin or painted to resemble the animal its master intended to stalk that day, was the means of obtaining many an unwary creature into falling a victim to the poisoned arrow of the hunter crouching behind his four footed assistant.

Irrigation in Dakota.

By means of irrigation something like 2,700,000 acres of land in Dakota have been increased in value over \$250,000,000.

CAN YOU SOLVE THE PUZZLES?

Attention of the readers of The Bulletin, old and young alike, is called to a new feature introduced in this morning's Bulletin, in the form of two of the famous Sam Loyd puzzles as shown on page 11, part III, or the Magazine Section of The Bulletin. They look easy, but do not be sure your answer is the right one until you have carefully proved it. To stimulate interest on the contest The Bulletin announces a prize to those sending in the best answer to the puzzles. Five cash prizes of \$1 each will be given for the five best answers to both puzzles. By "best answer" is meant not only a correct one, but the one that is expressed in the best terms, most neatly written and carefully worded—the best in every sense. Use your own ideas and see just how you can express yourself to the best advantage. Certain rules govern the contest, and an infraction of any one of them will constitute a rejection of the contestant.

Write on one side of the paper, and write answers to both of the puzzles on the same sheet.

Sign both answers with your full name.

File your answer not later than Tuesday, January 5th, at noon.

Address in a sealed envelope to "Puzzle Editor, The Cairo Bulletin, Cairo, Ill."

The names of the winners of the prizes will be published in The Bulletin of Sunday, January 10, and the lucky contestants will receive their prizes the following day. The cash prizes will be paid by check, and a number of the celebrated Tanagram books of 700 Chinese puzzles will be distributed to those contestants whose answers do not secure a cash prize.

The contest is open to every reader of The Bulletin. You do not have to be a subscriber. It is good mental exercise for old and young. It costs nothing to try for a prize and the more the merrier.

life each day, for the blessings of health and friends and food, all of which are Divine bestowments, we accept without so much as a thought of thanksgiving and praise to Him who so freely loves to give. Such ingratitude of men among men would soon meet its just reward.

In conclusion let me say that there is a spirit of Divinity in the Universe, and He has His complement in the individual life that expresses Himself in the affairs of men. It has been the supreme problem of history, and it is the great problem of each individual life to make these two harmonize. Every man can do this much—it is his simple duty—and no man can do more.

A woman, charged at West London the other day with removing a goose from the poultryer's shop in the Oxford bridge road, explained to the magistrate that she took it for a tank. Her worship, however, expressed his doubts about the bird, and remanded the woman pending investigation. It turned out it was a robbing, after all—Judy.

Quite Natural.

"That's what they do," mused the man who sometimes lets out an audible thought.

"What are you talking about?" queried he of the butt-in-hair. "Those people who go around carrying tales," explained the noisy thinker. "They make numbers of themselves."—Philadelphia Public News.

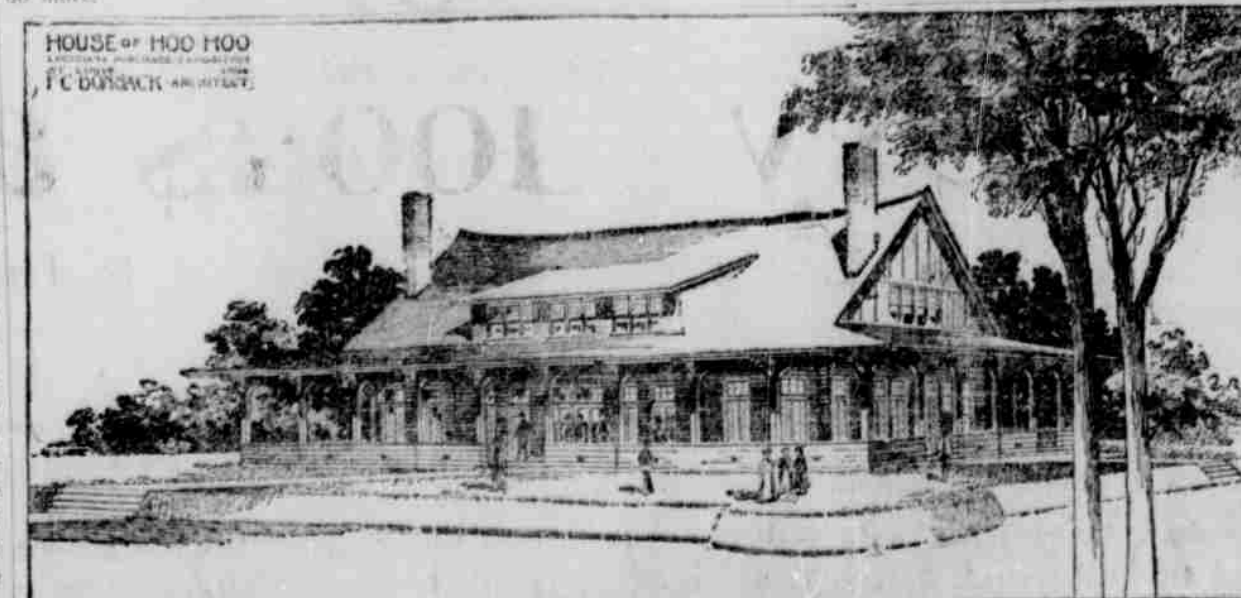
Great Grape Greenhouse.

Near Franklin-on-the-Main there is a greenhouse about 250 feet long, 30 feet wide and 15 feet high, in which 120 different varieties of grapes—Spanish, German, French, Italian, etc., are cultivated. The vines are only two years old, but owing to the electric treatment, they bear like five-year-old vines, and some of the bunches of grapes weigh up to three pounds.

Not the Least in a Hurry.

The new barber had been three weeks in the house. "It is usual," said the landlady with great deference, "for my lodgers to pay as they go."

"Oh that's all right," he replied apologetically, "I'm not going for a long time."—San Francisco Wasp.



THE HOO HOO CLUB HOUSE AT WORLD'S FAIR.

MANY CAIRO LUMBERMEN AND MEMBERS OF THE FAMOUS ORDER OF HOO HOOS WILL NO DOUBT MAKE THIS ELEGANT BUILDING THEIR HEADQUARTERS DURING THEIR STAY AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR NEXT YEAR. THE BUILDING WAS DESCRIBED IN THE BULLETIN SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

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